This boy, half destroyed

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by BumblebeesAndDandelions

Summary

Will confronts Hannibal after being released from prison, intending to kill him. Instead, he doesn't.

Notes

June 7 - | Bite |

I am posting much later in the day than I intended, but that's life.

Title from Driving, Not Washing by Siken

Matthew Brown had failed.

That failure burned through Will as he drove towards Hannibal's house, rotting in him as he lay in wait for the man. Matthew Brown had failed to kill Hannibal. Will wouldn't. He couldn't.

The beta had wanted so desperately to prove himself to Will, to show him that they were meant to be together, and he couldn't even kill the one man Will had asked him too.

Hannibal had wanted to make him into a killer, it would be just to make Hannibal his first real victim. It would be right. The thought was desperate, its hollowness ignored. Hannibal had to die, because Will was becoming far too close, and if Hannibal did anything but die, here and now, Will would change to the point of unrecognizability. He was already learning how to play the game that Hannibal had long since mastered, learning to build masks of his own.

Maybe killing Hannibal would save whatever part of his soul he had left, maybe it wouldn't. Maybe his soul was already gone, or so distorted and twisted that nothing could save it. He'd grown up going to church right beside his father, listening to a string of preachers tell him all about souls and sins and heaven and hell. He'd listened to Hannibal talk, for months, about God and power and hunger. All of them felt right, all of them felt wrong. He wasn't getting into any of the heavens those preachers had dreamed up to tell their congregations about, and killing Hannibal would either bar him from his version of heaven, or guarantee him a place of honor.

Hannibal would have hated those preachers, every last one. Too soft or too loud, too rude. Always pushing their doctrines, leading their sheep. Their masks were slipshod at best, rudimentary and barely enough to fool their flocks.

Will was getting better with masks.

He'd hated his omegan nature most of his life, but it had been useful, to convince anyone who looked that he was, if not fully innocent, then at least not guilty of all the crimes he'd been accused of. Softness, fragility, innocence. He'd beaten into his students that second sexes didn't make anyone incapable of murder, and turned around and used his as a defense. As a weapon, more accurately. Masks were useful. He could see why Hannibal became so adept at them.

There were other reasons to kill Hannibal, other than to save whatever part of Will was still unbroken. Revenge for those he'd lost. The plea of Miriam Lass, broken from her time with Hannibal. Justice, for all the others Hannibal had killed, had eaten.

Will was raw with emotion, with indecision. He'd already been torn to jagged pieces, this was his desperate attempt to force back into a whole. Hannibal was, despite everything, important to him. He was the only friend Will had. He was the only one who understood him, who could see Will with the same clarity that Will saw the rest of the world in. He was the first alpha that Will had ever enjoyed the company of.

Hannibal walked into the room. He paused at the fridge door.

“The same unfortunate aftershave. Too long in the bottle.”

Will pointed the gun at Hannibal’s head, hands steady. He deserved this. Will wasn’t sure if the he was Hannibal or himself. Maybe they both deserved this. Hannibal, dead, Will, returning to prison, this time guilty of the crimes he’d be accused of.

Hannibal had set the terms, had placed each piece on the board. Killing him would still be playing by his rules. Leaving would be a defeat. He could win by destroying the man, by leading Jack Crawford to him. It would require a retreat, but he could do it, use his newly crafted masks to lure the man into his own cell. Play his game and win. Or, he could flip the game board, and force Hannibal to be the one to scramble for once.

They were already connected in some way anyway.

Will raised the gun slightly, enjoying the sight of Hannibal flinching away. It exposed his neck, a clear show of acquiesce. It gave him an opening.

It wasn’t a decision, really. He hadn’t decided when he’d done it, hadn’t even though it through past a need and a sense of right and wrong. There was an opening, an opportunity, and he moved.

Will lunged forward, too fast for Hannibal to react, and plunged his teeth into Hannibal’s neck, locking around his mating gland. He shoved Hannibal against the fridge as he let go, baring bloody teeth at the man. Hannibal was frozen in open shock, not even bringing a hand to the bleeding wound on his neck.

Will was disappearing out the door a moment later, leaving before Hannibal could recover. He’d savor that look of shock on Hannibal’s face later. It was rare he could surprise the man, and rarer still that he could catch him so off foot. He ran his tongue over his teeth, tasting Hannibal’s blood.

The bond was already forming, tremulous and new. It felt like a strand of a spiderweb clinging to his soul, leading inexorably back to the man he’d left in that darkened kitchen. If Hannibal did nothing, the bond would break, leaving them both weak and wanting. If Hannibal wanted it to strengthen, to remain, he would have to hunt Will.

Will was already driving, heading not towards Wolf Trap, but south, and west. He’d drive as far as he could tonight, sleep in the car, and continue on in the morning. Hannibal would have a compass leading to him, tugging harder the farther away they got. Will could feel the tug too, but it was ignorable. It was worth it, to hurt Hannibal.

And if Hannibal did catch him, then. Then maybe this time Will would kill him. Or maybe he’d let Hannibal bite him back. He had made a habit of deciding only when faced with the man, and he didn’t see a reason to change it.

The bond pulsed in his chest, an echo of a ragged heartbeat that was not his.

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